



"EVERY PLANT WHICH MY HEAVENLY FATHER HATH NOT PLANTED SHALL BE ROOTED UP."

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(For the Christian Spiritualist.)
SHADOWS OF SPIRIT LIFE.
BY FANNY GREEN.
CANTO I.—THE ANCESTRATION.
There came a sound, and then the vibrant air
Woke with the music of strange melody
That seemed diffusing sweetness every where,
As perfume, light, and music were set free
From flowers, and sunshine, and the minstrelsy
Of joyous birds; and beauty in all forms
Had overreached the Earth, like rainbows after storms.

O, joyful was the light, and sweet the breath
Which unmined all this tedious scene;
For a bright star illumined the vale of death,
Shining away into the deep recesses
And angels, looking forth from human eyes,
Opened the pearly gates of long-lost Paradise.

Sweet music from the golden spheres woke,
As swaying back the fair portals, and the light,
A great white cloud, rolled outward, and then broke
Over the dark realms of Chaos and old Night;
And life, and love, and beauty, flowing thence,
Fell on the weary watcher with a joy intense.

Life was renewed, and old affections woke,
Warm with the magic of the long ago,
A deeper, dearer memory to invoke,
A brighter hope, a truer faith to know.
The mourner ceased from weeping; and his sight,
Long gained by death's deep darkness, felt the wondrous
light.

The ravens' soul burst forth into a song,
While wake in union the heavenly lyre;
Young cherubs still the wondrous strain prolong,
And angels catch it on their lips of fire:
"Joy for the human soul! It shall be free!
And angels sing with men at Earth's great jubilee!"

Then nearer came the echoes—nearer still—
Until my spirit drank their sweetness in;
Music, and life, and blessing, with a thrill
Of sudden joy and rapture, thus to win
Solution of the mystery of years—
To know that loving angels whispered in mine ears.

Lo! beyond all former beauty, woke
The morning freshness, and the noonday splendor
Seemed ever new effulgence to wake,
While gentle Night, a matron soft and tender,
Bowed the young Evening, robed in shadowy gold,
New paths of light, and love, and beauty to unfold.

Then all that summer long, the loving birds,
And flow'ers, and sunshine glimmering on the sea,
And singing winds and waters loving words,
In all their varying voices, spoke to me
As if they were the echoes, imagery,
Of something better, truer, that I should wake, and see.

Never so deeply had the yearning eye
Pierced the infinitude of ether—obscure,
That opened o'er me in the arching sky
All light and sound seemed ever clearer, truer—
As anthems wove from water a spirit lyre,
Through the deep distance rang the thrilling chorus "higher!"

And then, O angel mother! how thy form
In visions o'er my couch side, with my child,
Not dead, as I believed, but soft and warm,
With gentle words and looks, so true and mild:
All heaven was lighted with familiar eyes,
That seem'd out like new stars, upon the evening skies.

O, never did I hope that this could be—
That this great boon of loving Heaven was sent,
With its divine affections, unto me—
That I might walk where glorious sun-bows bent,
Arch over arch, illumining all space,
And Order, Light and Love, and Harmony embrace!

Not yet could be unfolded thought so high;
Not yet could be accepted life so pure;
But to be wondrous, more I love of thee,
To reach a type of beauty, color, truth,
I bowed myself—and ever my spirit fled,
The light went out in tears—and all the beauty fled.

INSPIRATION.
1. The Inspired Voice is sweetest music. That which manifests itself through different organs, and comes forth from the hand of the Inspired Composer, is of more lasting, more conclusive, and of more comprehensive nature.
2. The ear is a quick messenger unto the brain; and the brain, translated by the Inspired voice, throws upon the perceiving Spirit rapid showers of knowledge—but they pass along with such speed, only their pleasing effect is left thereupon when the voice ceases.
3. The ear tires with slow speech.
4. The eye is quick in thought in its glances—quick, and into the passive Spirit brings forth the mind quick glances of beauty scenes which require no display in the mind, being self-evidently lovely or the reverse.
5. But the eye feels the mind slowly and deliberately, as after the page of Inspired Knowledge, traced by the Inspired Composer, it searcheth.
6. Every word is well weighed, for he hath not one too many—and every sentence studied, for each successive glance seems to reveal some new beauty or some new truth.
7. His Book opens with Truth, explains truthfully, and when pursued and closed, leaves the impress of truth upon the passive Spirit.
8. Re-opened, new truths appear that were unobserved before; the reason being, a different light shed upon them through the beholding Spirit.

9. Writer, if thou art inspired, fear not; God's light is in thy every word, and it will be read, and by His children be comprehended.
10. Inspiration cannot be successfully resisted; and if thou feelest the holy power shedding o'er thee its sweet influence, oh, give words to the feeling.
11. Ask none to take thy productions as pure; remember thou art a man, and mayest err even in judging of thy own inspiration.
12. Do thou write, and leave the rest with God. It is thy duty to give as thou receivest. If it do not, a brother, it may shelter him while he maketh for himself a garment.
13. Write for the good of all. This thou must do if inspired, for there is no goodness not of God. Reveal his simplest truths thankfully—for are not his greatest truths simplest? Are they not all of him? And canst thou judge better than he which should by thee be written?
14. Depend implicitly upon God. If he fail, who can sustain thee? Expect not favor from man; for surely if they were all inspired, it would be scarcely necessary for thee to write thy feelings—all would have the feelings and knowledge unto their best welfare adapted.
15. Study and laborious hinking are unnecessary. Be thou a passive instrument in God's hands, and from thy Pen shall flow truths firm and pure, and in such simple style clothed, that all thou writest will be thankfully received by thy brethren.
16. Silent, passive meditation will always strengthen thee against the time of need.
17. Shun all unharmonious and uncongenial influences. Quietly walk and commune with thy instructing Father. Man can not teach thee; God would fain through thee teach him his duty.
18. He would through thy instrumentality open channels leading into a brother's spirit—He would awaken the dormant spirit, and upon its re-opened susceptibility pour His own pure knowledge.—
Healing of the Nations.

(For the Christian Spiritualist.)
LEADINGS OF THE SPIRIT.
IN A SERIES OF LETTERS.
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LETTER I.

How this correspondence came into the hands of the publisher, it is not now necessary to declare. Let it suffice for the present to say, that no confidence has been violated by its publication.—Ed.

New York, Sept. 2, 1855.

My DEAR LOUISE:—It seems very strange to find myself far away from you—you, with whom I have always lived in that small circle, where only the "innmost" are admitted—I like that word of Fredericka Bremer, and therefore I use it. I hardly know how to conduct myself, and am making absurd mistakes continually, just for thinking of you—and what can I do better than this, unless, indeed, I seek to make myself worthy of you? Ah, Louise! how the thought inspires me; and I feel that there is something in this hope, that can make even absence sweet; though the time is so me, emphatically, as our good old grandmother used to say, a "season of trial" (I beg your pardon, I should say my grandmother)—but I accustom myself so much to the idea of a reciprocity of interests between us, that I almost lose the distinction between mine and thine, except to feel how much sweeter and clearer the last is than the first. O, Louise! if I may be made worthy to spend a life with you, well may I submit now to the privation of your society. O, how does this great thought of marriage thrill on the heart, and stir the soul of a human being; for, since Adam lived and loved, every man, however rude, or wicked, or savage he might be, shadows forth to himself an ideal of some one to love, and take home to his bosom, as that dearer and tenderer self, which can inform his life with beauty and love.

But can we really be absent from each other, dear Louise? I often ask myself this question of late; and it still recurs with ever-increasing interest. I have sometimes thought that our two minds were so nicely adjusted, that each was wanting to the completeness of the other, and both were dependent on the happiness of each. I feel the need of your beauty, dear Louise, to refine and soften, as well as to cheer and bless me. Through your higher and more delicate moral nature, I should unfold more truly the great Love-principle; and thus your influence will tend directly to humanize and harmonize me.
And you, on the other hand, do you not sometimes need the support of the stronger will, the more determined self reliance, and the more complete individualization, in which I am your superior? In fact, are we not necessary to each other? I can answer one part of this question, my sweet Louise! But, alas, for me! No sooner had I discovered the fact you are necessary, than I am spirited away from your side, as if my very consciousness had disenchanted me—and I wake, only to know that I have lost you—not for ever, my sweet one; for the same road by which I came hither, still lies open for my return.
I am badly vexed with myself; for the stupidest fellow in the world I must have been not to have made this discovery long before! And to think that it should happen just as it has! The first great seal was broken; and the divinest mystery of life lay open before us, when we are forced asunder by an indomitable necessity; mountains lift up their slazy heads; and space widens between us! But all this may be only to try us more completely to make us more true and worthy of each other. Let us, at least, endeavor to believe this; that we may make the wisest use of the inevitable dispen-

sation, and thus approximate through higher degrees, to that perfect union, towards which we both aspire.
And to think how blind I must have been, walking hand in hand with you to school and church for so many years, and yet never to inquire why you were always by my side, and no other. And did you never ask yourself the question, Louise, why in all the apple-pearing, quilling, and sleighing parties we frequented, as boy, youth and man, no other was accepted in attendance, no other was permitted to attend you, but he who followed you so closely, he seemed almost like your own shadow?
Since writing the above, I have been wandering back through the flowery life-paths we have trodden together. And by throwing the light of the present on the soft shadows, that now rest on our early life, I think I can see that both of us comprehended more of our true relations than we could then express, or even know.
I remember once I had just been severely punished at school. We were going home. The boys shouted, and hailed my disgrace in the ears of the neighboring people and the passers by; and the girls pointed their fingers, and called me a wicked boy, until, maddened with the sense of injury, (for my punishment was really unjust), and stung by the treatment I received, I became almost frantic.
But a soft little hand came into mine, how I hardly know, the act was so tender and delicate; and with the touch a sensation of peace—of love—seemed to flow all over and through me. There were tearful eyes looking up to mine; and a sweet voice whispered—"I love you, Tommy!"
A sphere of divine radiance surrounded and enveloped me; and in its light the cruel and covetous boys—the provoking and mischievous girls—the whole world faded away—for there was no consciousness beyond the halo that radiated from the fair young forehead, which was turned so lovingly upward. Then I first felt the power and influence of character. Through your gentleness I was to be subdued, and made better—yes; child, as I then was, I vowed most earnestly that I would try to be good, for the sake of that little maiden of seven years—and only three years older. O Louise! how often has your sweetness, by restoring me to myself, saved me from punishment and wrong! I shudder to think what I might have been without you!

Another time—it was in the early summer—you had a pair of new shoes on, and seemed very proud of them. But it was not the new pink sandals looking so bright among the green grass, which then attracted me; for I had just discovered that there was a pretty foot in it. It was all simple enough; but so I found out your attractions, one by one, and then claimed them all by right of discovery. When you used to bring me strawberries and blackberries, I remember how dreamily my thoughts flowed over the luscious fruits, to admire the little taper fingers, whose whiteness looked so much fairer when thus daintily stained. The full sense of your beauty dawned on me so gradually, that I never had a chance to fall in love with it.
But there was one thing among these memories, which, more than all others, seemed to impress and inspire me. Do you remember when your father talked of moving out West, how you came to tell me of it, and what then occurred? If you have forgotten, I will tell you. You could not speak when you first came in; and I saw that the little heart was swelling with a great load. I remember at this moment how the small, round, dimpled chin quivered for a moment, just before you burst into tears. And then you told me how it was; and we sat together on the old settee in the kitchen, and talked about it. It looked so far off to me, that I wondered you could cry about it, though I cried at length, because you did.
But when I tried to comfort you, by calling your attention to the fine things you might find in that new and beautiful country, I shall never forget the look and reply you gave. After a moment of perfect silence, you looked up, with those large loving, dark-blue eyes, which still make you so very beautiful, suffused with tears, and in a kind of deprecating voice, there came a whisper, almost every word being uttered between two little sobs—"I can't help it, Tommy! but if they do carry me off, I shall run away, and come back again! I almost know I shall; for I can't live without you! How could I, Tommy?"

The impressions of that moment were indelible, and I think that the sense of the protective character was then first developed; for when we sat together, side by side, with your bowed head resting on my bosom, I remember now distinctly the feeling with which I regarded you. There was something in the very beauty of the yellow rings of hair, in the soft melody of the features, in the beseeching eyes, and in the abandonment of the whole expression, which seemed to call forth opposite feelings and powers in myself. In this contemplating with an unwonted sense of appreciation the tenderness and delicacy of feeling, and all the fineness of structure, strange and vague thoughts of grandeur and power, for the time, took complete possession of me. I knew that I should like to be a man, and that I should have a will to be felt, and power to enforce it; I could then protect you, and if you wished always to stay with me—(O, how earnestly I hoped you would!)—I could then sustain and defend you. But with the idea of these responsibilities, I became so warlike, that I really frightened you with my sudden violence.
But the visions and dreams of childhood are vanished for ever. Her holiday of time is over; and the working-day—the struggles of necessity—

the battle of life only remain to me. But are these impressions of childhood really dreams? Do they come and go, and leave nothing behind? I am beginning to think that the deepest and most interior realities are often thus unfolded, and that the intuitive perceptions of the child, however simple they may be, are often the truest prophecies of the man.
But sometimes it seems to me there are no realities. I have become restless and dissatisfied with everything. In no organization, no creed nor mode of faith, can I find repose. There is nothing in them to interest and satisfy me. I feel as if we had worn out the old forms of religion, while we have found nothing new to supply their place. We have lost our simple faith, without finding any other anchor to keep us steadfast. I feel as one in a great vortex, every thing is whirling around me, and I can lay hold of nothing, either for rest or safety.
I continually hear these great questions: Why were we created? For what purpose are we living? Does the soul, indeed, die with the flesh that shrouds it? Can this divine consciousness, which looks back through all the PAST, alike takes hold of all the PRESENT, and looks forward into all the FUTURE, be doomed to fall into atoms, and perish like an overworn garment?
Yet with all this great capacity of faith;—with all this earnest desire to believe—I sometimes shudder to find myself on the very brink of either. O, Louise, believe enough for us both, if it be possible, and save me, if you can, from utter skepticism!

I was rather blue last evening while writing the above paragraph. But don't let it trouble you, sweet one. Write to me often, and always when you can. If you have no pity on me, at least have pity on the POSTMASTER, for I looked so savage the last time I didn't get a letter, that the poor old fellow really shook in his wide slippers, when he again denied me. If you don't look out, Louise! he may get hold of your name, and perhaps be palming off his own forgeries in the shape of life-preservers. But this light jesting aside; I throw myself into the arms of your love, doubting not that all will be as I wish.
So if you would have me good, love me, Louise! That is all. Let the emanations of your more truthful and delicate spirit continually refine and exalt me; let the angel wings of your pure and loving thoughts evermore unfold me. So shall the strength, which I am putting forth in your behalf, come back to me in the shape of love; while your own love-messengers shall return to you, laden with the spirits of strength. Thus shall we perfect ourselves by cultivating our lowest, and imparting our highest power; and thus shall our union be continually more beautiful and perfect. I bless you, dear Louise! I stretch out my arms to embrace you!
T. W. D.

(For the Christian Spiritualist.)
THE SPIRITUAL ELEMENT IN AMERICAN LITERATURE.

Strange as it may seem, but it is true as strange, that the literature of America thus far has contained less generally the Spiritual element than the literature of England. One would suppose that the extreme conservatism of English society would have influenced her literature more; but that very evil of extreme conservatism has begun to work its own cure; and all the truly God taught, from want of a vital and satisfying supply of what they feel to be man's higher needs, in the forms, however life-like, of the external church, have gone to Germany, and from thence derived a principle of resurrection.
In this country it is different. So far from literature here having had time to die of a withered old age, or even to suffer premature decay, it has never until within a few years begun to assume the form of a reality. Suddenly, as is the case with every thing American, it has sprung up into full growth. We are astonished to find—we who hitherto have considered the Universal Yankee Nation as the most calculating, enterprising, and practical in the world, that it is all at once become the most Spiritual, that Vulcan has espoused Venus.

Instead of the question formerly asked in England, "Who reads an American book?" the other question, "Who has not read Uncle Tom's Cabin?" has arisen. And the success in England and the world over of "Uncle Tom," is owing, we hesitate not a moment to assert, wholly to its Spirituality. Penetrating like the eye of a Clairvoyant all outward un-realities; or like the power of a psychologist, reaching the soul through all its long-accumulated shields of prejudice and conventionalism, it exerts that power over the soul which is entirely independent of society, nation, or creed; and which a literary production, merely considered as literary, would utterly fail to do. It has become the Africa-American's epic; it has told their tale, and the heart of the age has listened, and will respond to it.
We will go back now in point of time to the first sensible manifestation of quickening in our literature.
At first we find it struggling with a strong material nationalism; we can see it so in Channing, somewhat even in Emerson, whose flame of inspiration, however transparently clear in itself, is yet somewhat obscured by external clouds of unbelief. We must modify that last word, however, for loving Emerson so dearly as we do, it would wound our heart to say one untrue word of him. That which fails to satisfy us then in Emerson, is not unbelief, but unsatisfaction in himself—a yearning after something he has not yet found, but

which his interior nature tells him by the want it feels, must somewhere exist. And Emerson, gentle, child-like and truth-seeking Emerson, will find what he is longing for, if not in the external life, in the future and more eternal. A calm, sweet spiritual atmosphere will surround him whenever the preventing influences are driven away by perfect love.
Much that is living we find in Margaret Fuller; but more of the cherub, less of the seraph that we should love to find in a soul so grand as hers. Strong a hold as she took of truth, and keenly as she analyzed, she had not that powerful love-alchemy that alone can work upon the interior soul. Longfellow has more of the latter, with less of the former. It is said that in England, Longfellow is esteemed as the greatest poet. However that may be, there is much in his writings to remind us of Gethsemane, much to assure us that he has strong interior sympathies, and a full belief in the power and ultimate triumph of the Spiritual over the circumstantial. He has evidently "Learned how sublime a thing it is To suffer, and be strong."
Whittier, with far less external merits than many others, has a very deep Spirituality. His eagerness to reach the elementary principle is almost remorseless; he looks upon the interior man as entirely independent of the external; whereas, there should be harmony between the two. He delights to cast away the fig-leaves, and stand face to face with God. Few have his spiritual courage, fewer still his interior sense of rectitude. His nature, Spiritual as it is, has not been sufficiently fused in the furnace of Love to harmonize it perfectly.
Mrs. E. Oakes Smith possesses much of the Spiritual element in what she writes. Were there less of mannerism about her, and less of a secret consciousness in her soul of being nearer right than others, we should not hesitate to place her among the first in the Spiritual ranks. A singleness, a sincerity of aim are hers; she loves truth, but has too little sympathy with the actual; and would overtask men and women unnecessarily, in endeavoring to make them climb mountains that they might as well go round. But her soul is full of fresh and courageous life, and there is an inspiration and refreshment in her writings, which testify that her "altar-fires" have been breathed upon from above.

Hawthorne, with a little too much external resemblance (as to style merely) to Willis, has a deep sense of the real—a deep Spiritual consciousness of the mutual dependence, and simultaneous needs of the soul and body of man. He considers man as *actually* man, and rates all his faculties, internal and external, as necessary parts of him; with perhaps too little recognition of the triumphant principle of soul. But he is a deep philosopher, and evidently writes under powerful influx. Remorselessly satirical in his treatment of that which is false and hypocritical, he has great reverence for the truly human, though scarcely sufficient recognition of the Divine.
But a new era has dawned upon American literature, from the fact of Spiritualism having become an acknowledged truth among many of the more cultivated and gifted. Many now are writing, as well as speaking, under sensible and recognized influx from the Spiritual world. We speak not now of those who are ordinarily known as "Writing Mediums," but of those, who in the hush of solitude, passively yield themselves to the guidance of inspiration. Among these, although they are many, and increasing in power as well as in number, we must admit that one at present holds a predominant rank. We allude to T. L. Harris, whose glorious "Epic of the Starry Heaven" and "Lyric of the Morning Land," are wonders in literature—unaccountable on any other hypothesis than that they were Spiritual inspirations.

To those who had the happiness to be present when these poems were dictated, they possess of course a double interest, so much was there in the manner of their delivery to prove the fact of their high Spiritual origin. But to any one susceptible to truth and beauty in literature, they must appeal as the most remarkable works the age has produced hitherto.
The first of these, the "Epic," we consider as a versified new gospel. It contains a complete system of interior truth; so clearly, forcibly, and musically expressed, as to enable it to rank rhythmically with the best poems ever written. The rhymes often remind us of Tennyson; the measure is diversified, so as to embrace, we believe, all forms of verse. But setting aside criticism of its externals, the interior beauties of the book are those which charm us most. There is a peculiar effect produced on the minds by all true inspiration, which becomes a sense of recognition—we know the Epic is a high Spiritual production, because we feel it to be so; because it becomes a medium of influx to ourselves, and lifts us, as it were, into a different, a purer and holier Spiritual atmosphere. We become more capable of sympathy with the human and appreciation of the Divine. We now "sweet, as it were, great drops of blood" over the suffering body of humanity;—now rejoice gloriously over the Power which shall quicken and redeem that body, and make it the "temple of the Holy Ghost." Our eyes are opened to the religious deformities of the age; we imperiously denounce and repudiate as they sit upon the "altar stairs," and revolt at their hideousness; then turning inward, we behold the Angel that announced from Heaven, "Peace on earth, good will to men," and know that he will triumph over the demons that oppose him. We enter the interior worlds—we are able to form clearer conceptions than we ever did before of the *actuality* of

Spirit life; of the absolute substance of soul; of the varied and tangible forms of thought. We are surprised to find ourselves nearer the Spirit world than we had thought we were; we begin to feel related to it, and a part of it; and death puts on the form of a Resurrection Angel.
It would require great space to exemplify these remarks, by quotations from the book—indeed, the experiment has been tried—and it has been proved how difficult it is to begin to quote from the Epic; and how doubly difficult, after having begun to find a stopping-place, short of quoting the whole, so complete is its unity. We, therefore, shall leave readers to exemplify for themselves by reading the book entire.
"The Lyric of the Morning Land" is a most exquisite and unique production. The singular charm of these musical songs, is that they produce on the reader the same effect that Haydn's inspirations did on himself—a desire to dance. The whole poem is a joy—a triumphant song;—a song of true conjugal love. "The Marriage of Apollo" is, perhaps, (if comparisons can justly be made among them,) the most perfect of these lyrics.
We believe that there is reason to expect much more from Mr. Harris. But if not through him, than through others, are great inspirations destined yet to flow into our literature—it will thus become the great power of the age. We look to see America yet stand forth among the nations as the possessor of the purest, the highest; the grandest, because the most Spiritual literature of the world. But perhaps by that time America may embrace the world—nationality may no longer exist, and all men may have become countrymen and brothers.
UNDISINE.

(From the New York Palladium.)
PROGRESS OF SPIRITUALISM.
Who would have supposed that when the Fox girls, some few years since, were astounding the community by their Spiritual knowings, that the phenomena would have made such rapid progress as it is now making throughout the civilized world. At that time it was sneered at as a delusion of the same ilk as Millerism and Mormonism, and its enemies predicted for it the same fate, and charged its devotees with being fanatics, simple, weak-minded people, either knaves or fools. True Millerism and Mormonism was embraced by such; but who can say, and say it honestly, that the believers in this theory are fools and fanatics. The believers in Spiritualism are composed of all classes in the community, the rich and poor, the high and low, the lawyer and doctor, the divine and the philosopher—men who are not apt to be led astray by every new ism that is brought forth—men who have investigated the phenomena, determined to know and understand it before they reject or receive it.
We have personally given but little attention to this subject, but we have seen enough to be convinced that it is not a humbug or delusion; and if unbelievers will only give the phenomena that attention which it deserves, they will not be so willing to condemn it. There are thousands in the community who sincerely believe in the great truths which Spiritualism teaches, but who, because they fear the ridicule of their fellow men, have not independence enough to openly declare their honest convictions. We have noticed that since Spiritualism has become so popular there is not so much disposition to cry it down, and even the press has become more respectful towards it. When we ask its enemies why they refuse to believe it, their answer invariably is that they do not understand it; they have not investigated it; and without examination or the least knowledge of the subject, they still persist in denouncing it as a humbug, and its upholders as dupes and fanatics.
Some have asked what benefit is there to be derived from Spiritualism? Let those who disbelieve give the subject a candid and impartial investigation, and they will not ask the question a second time. Several instances where great good has resulted from it have fallen under our own observation. Spiritualism has reformed the drunkard, reclaimed the wanderer from the path of virtue, and caused desolate homes to wear a cheerful aspect. Spiritualism will break the shackles of bigotry and superstition, which too long have galled and fettered the minds of men, and teach man not to condemn his fellow man because he believes not as others believe. Spiritualism teaches nothing but that which harmonizes with the lesson of Him who came to redeem the world from sin.
Christianity in early days was scoffed at and ridiculed; its apostles insulted, persecuted and condemned; Christ himself, when upon the Cross, was mocked and spit upon, and it is not strange that Spiritualism, which is so closely allied to Christianity, should also be reviled and its disciples persecuted.
When mankind learn the importance of taking the same care of their souls as they bestow upon their bodies, they will then regret that they once threw away a pearl of great price by refusing to listen to the wonderful revelations which Spiritualism is daily making for their benefit, and the next generation will regard its traducers in the same light as we of the present day regard those who cried humbug when Jenner, Watts, Mesmer, Spurzheim, Fulton, and Morse proclaimed their wonderful discoveries to the world.
Persons desirous of investigating this phenomena can do so by calling on Mr. Conklin or Mrs. Kellogg, who are both excellent Mediums, or Mr. Whitney, 101 Fourth Avenue, whose arrangements for the investigation of Spiritualism and the development of Mediums are the most complete to be found in the city.

THE WORLD'S PROGRESS.—It is curious and decidedly instructing to observe how much of the advance which mankind has made in some of the most essential branches of material improvement has been effected within the last quarter of a century; and, on the other hand, in how many departments human intelligence reached its culminating point ago. It is not likely that the world will ever see more perfect poet than Homer, a grander statesman than Cæsar, a plainer or more comprehensive philosopher than Plato, a sculptor equal to Phidias, or a painter superior to Raphael. Certain it is, that the lapse of twenty or thirty and twenty centuries has given birth to none who have surpassed them, and to few who have approached them. In the fine arts, and in speculative thought, our remotest ancestors are still our masters. In science and its applications the order of precedence is reversed, and our own age has been more prolific and amazing than the aggregate of all the ages which have gone before us. Take two points only, the most obvious and the most signal—locomotion and the transmission of intelligence. At the earliest period of authentic history men traveled as fast in the year 1800. Nimrod got over the ground at the rate of ten or twelve miles an hour; Napoleon could gain between 1790 and 1840, we raised the maximum of speed from ten to thirty miles an hour. The first six thousand years did nothing, or, at least, nothing—the next six years did everything; reduced the limits of possible achievement in this direction; for no one imagines that any greater speed attainable or would be bearable. Again, it is probable that Abraham sent messages to Lot just as rapidly as Frederick the Great or George III. transmitted orders to their Generals and Admirals. In 1794, the old wooden telegraph was invented and made a certain though a partial and a slight advance. But, with this exception, the rate at which intelligence could be conveyed had remained stationary at that of ordinary locomotion of horseback up to 1840. In 1840 we communicate at the velocity of twelve miles an hour. In 1850 we communicate at the velocity of thirty miles an hour. In 1850 we communicate at the velocity of thirty miles an hour. The experiment was made, and a message was transmitted from Belgrade to Liverpool *instantaneously*. A spark given at Dundee could fire the cannon of the Invalides at Paris. Here too, at a single leap we have reached the *ne plus ultra* of earthly possibility. In ten years—may, in five—we have cleared the vast space between the speed of a horse and the speed of lightning.—*North British Review*.